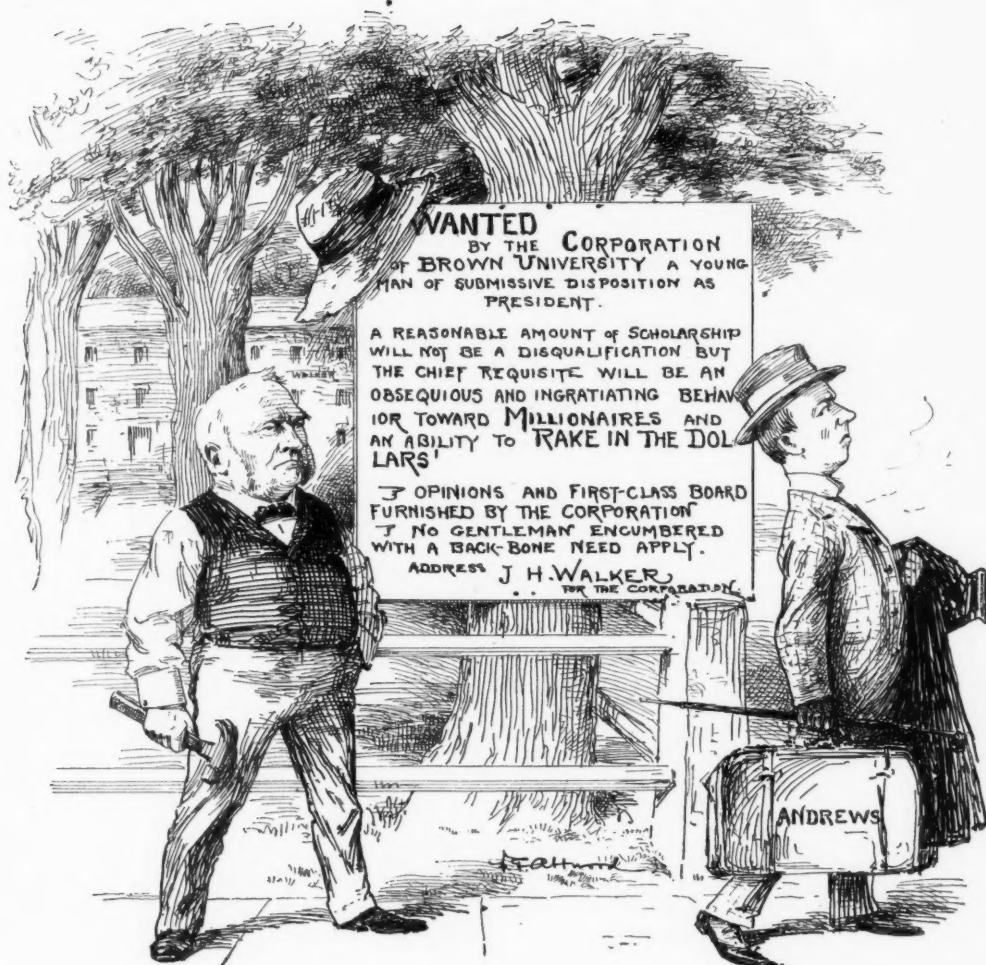


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HOW TO BUILD UP A UNIVERSITY.

THE...

ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS Called in Old Times

"THE GREAT NORTH WOODS."

A marvelous wilderness, abounding in beautiful lakes, rivers and brooks, filled with the greatest variety of fish.

An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region—located in Northern New York—is reached from Chicago by all lines, in connection with the New York Central; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Montreal by the New York Central; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the New York Central; from New York by the through car lines of the New York Central; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the New York Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

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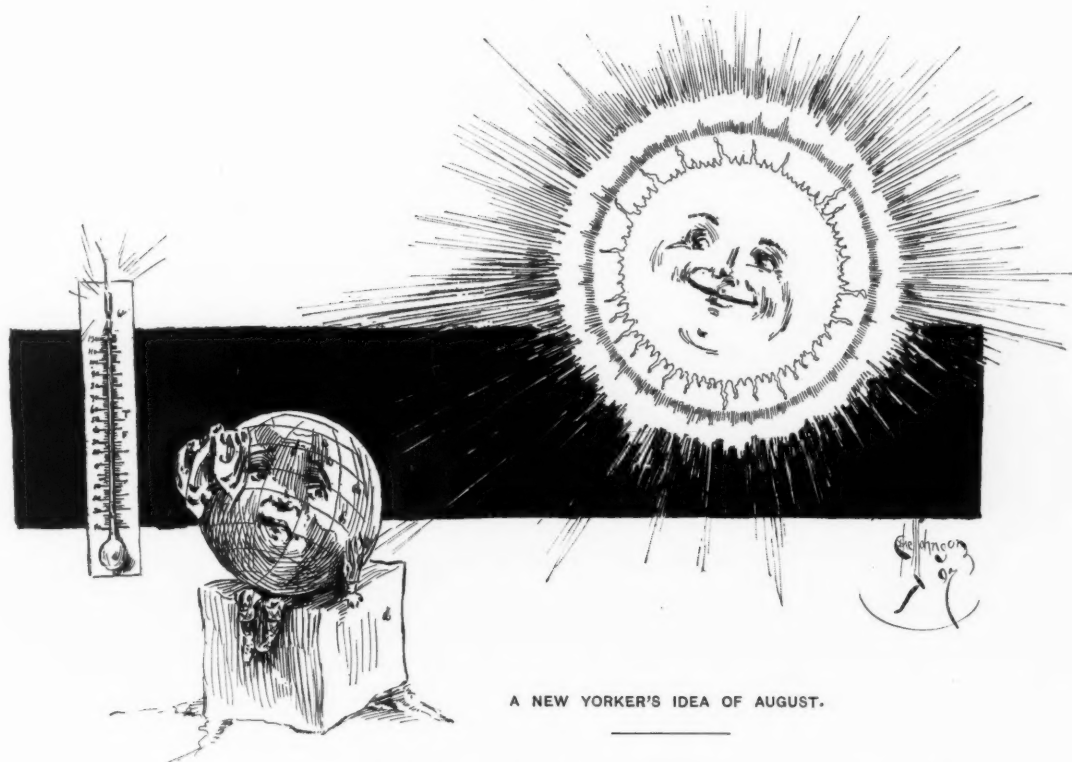
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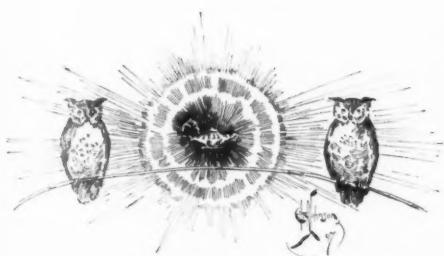
New York City.



·LIFE·



A NEW YORKER'S IDEA OF AUGUST.



The Sacking of Benjamin.

THE literature of the separation of Benjamin Andrews from Brown University waxes both in fervor and in volume as the first of September approaches. In reply to the appeal of the twenty-four professors to the corporation not to accept Dr. Andrews's resignation, Congressman Walker has expressed his conviction that Brown and Dr. Andrews are

destined to part. On the whole, it looks as if they were—though Mr. Walker is not the whole corporation, and has been called down by another trustee for speaking as if he were.

A Proper Qualification.

“THEY say that President Kruger of the South African Republic can scarcely write his own name.”

“What a pity he isn't an American citizen—he would make such a good Secretary of State.”

But He Is All Right.

“SHE'S had her property transferred to her husband, so her relatives couldn't get it.”

“So she and her relatives are in the same box.”

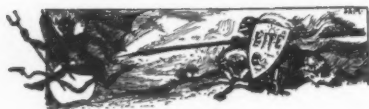
An Apt Illustration.

HE was an inquisitive boy, much interested in business methods, and had just been reading about the New York stock exchange.

“Father,” he said, “in order to buy and sell stocks have you actually got to be in Wall Street?”

“Not at all,” replied his father; “you can live anywhere. In Washington, for instance.”

THERE is very little public clamor for the annexation of Hawaii. Everybody knows why we don't want the islands, for the reasons are plain and in sight. Comparatively few persons know why we should annex them, for the reasons are somewhat recondite. Maybe we shall escape the hazards of that alliance.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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ANXIETY AS TO MR. SHERMAN.



THERE has been some anxiety of late, especially among the newspapers, for fear that the lapse of time or some other ailment has impaired the capacity of Secretary Sherman's mind to retain unuttered thought. The Shermans have great facility of expression. They write easily and speak easily. As a family they have long been known as men who never lacked opinions, or language in which to clothe them. General Sherman, the Secretary's brother, was an exceptionally free-spoken person, and was apt to be more fluent than judicious in his deliverances. So it seems to be with the Secretary. So long as he continued in the Senate it made no vital difference whether he was always prudent in his talk or not, but while he holds his present office it will make a difference, and if he should continue to discourse in public with the sort of candor which characterized his recent comments on the death of Senor Canovas, consequences might result which may embarrass him—and our Uncle Samuel, too.

Readers of LIFE will remember that Mr. Sherman's appointment as the head of the State Department was understood to be due, not so much to his peculiar fitness for the management of diplomatic concerns, as to the wish of Mr. Mark Hanna to be Senator from Ohio. That makes the Major and Colonel Hanna

peculiarly responsible for the Secretary's good behavior, and the chances are that they realize their responsibility as acutely as could be desired. All the same, the trouble with the Secretary—what there is of it—seems to be not altogether that he is an old man, but largely that he is John Sherman.



KLONDIKING.

IT looks as if the Klondike gold region would produce more news than nuggets during the next six months. According to all accounts, very many more men have started for the new diggings than can possibly get there before winter, and more are likely to get there than can be comfortably maintained on the available supplies. A good many adventurers are likely to return between now and November, much impoverished and disgusted; a good many more will spend a disagreeable winter at St. Michaels or somewhere else on the Alaskan coast, and a good many others who actually penetrate to the gold region will wish before spring that they hadn't come. There will be a great deal to talk about besides gold up there, and in due time we shall hear all about it. By another season Alaskan mining will be a business, but this year it is an adventure.



HOPE FOR PENSION-PAYERS.

IT is stated (by the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune) that the top notch in expenditures for pensions seems to have been reached. In the year ending July 1, 1897, some forty-four thousand pensioners were added to the rolls, but a number almost exactly equal were dropped. While there were on June 30th one hundred and fifty-four more names on the rolls than a year before, the expenditures were estimated to have decreased by \$1,500,000. Uncle Sam's disbursements for pensions are so enormous (\$138,000,000

last year) that even the soundest patriot must be reconciled to the abatement of them in due course of nature. Citizens who are still under thirty may hope to see the end of this huge drain on the national finances, though the chances are that they will see new expenses grow up in its place.



THE HOLLYHOCKS OF PROSPERITY.

THE long-standing lugubriousness of the stock brokers of Wall Street has been pretty effectually dissipated. When you ask a broker nowadays if he feels better he admits that he does. He looks better, too; more spruce, more bland and livelier, and as yet he believes no worse than usual. It is a comfort to have at least one class in the community on which prosperity can hardly have any deleterious effect. We have tried the brokers in dull times, and failed to discover that they brought forth fruits meet for repentance or worth the cost of it. On the whole, it seems more to the public interest that they should prosper.



NOT SO BAD, AFTER ALL.

THE complaint of ex-King Debs, that Judge Jackson had enjoined him off the face of the earth, seems not to have been well-founded. Much less fault is found with the injunction since its text has been published and generally read, and the best opinion is that it only gives the mine owners such reasonable protection as should be secured to them by the State authorities. The real cause of complaint is that the authorities in West Virginia, and in other States, too, are prone to neglect their duty in the matter of keeping order and protecting property in strike times.

There is much sympathy for the striking miners, who appear to be suffering from the bad condition of the coal business, due to excessive competition among the coal companies and resulting over-production of coal.

A Ballad of Middle Names.



PATER FAMILIAS

YOUNG ABRAHAM DE PYS-TER JONES

Was some-
times called a lazy-
bones,

But he worked
bravely, all
the same,
To live up to
his middle
name.

One morn he went out walking with
Perkins De Montmorency Smith
And, ere they'd gotten far down town,
Met Christopher De Forest Brown.

Oh, joy! oh, bliss beyond compare!
Behold three names assembled there;
Aristocratic, as you see,
To an unusual de-gree!

And as they smiled, shook hands and
talked,

Lo! in upon their counsels walked
Peter Des Brosses Chubb, a youth
Named quite as well as they, in sooth!

Then cried they all: "I' faith" and
"eke"

("Tis thus a man of blood must speak),
"We'll form a De-trust and say scat
To the base-born proletariat!"

Then James De Lancy Spratt came up
And said: "Come quaff with me a cup,
The S. A. R. can never hold
A candle to our guild of gold!

"A band of brothers we shall be,
Sworn to stand by our glorious De,
And, spite of prejudice or pull,
To write our middle names in full.

"We will insist that salesmen write
Our De's out plainly in our sight
On their sales tickets; nor will we
Receive goods unaddressed with De.

"For, oh! the better classes must
View with continuing disgust
The growing insolence of those
Who have no De's about their clothes."

Next day the papers mentioned that
"Abram D. Jones and James D. Spratt,
Perkins D. Smith and P. D. Chubb,"
Had "organized a social club."

J. P. B.

A LITTLE girl who had told a lie
was escorted to her bedroom
by her mother and told to ask God
to forgive her for her sin.

This is what the listening mother
heard:

"Oh, God, I thought you could
take a joke!"



"A SEWING BEE."

"THE officers are blamed for
not discovering criminals,
and blamed by people who do not
stop to think about the crimes that
are never committed. We never
hear of *them*."

"Never hear of them? Don't you
read the daily papers?"



PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

IT IS NOT THE CORRECT THING TO TREAT YOUR WIFE WITH A DISCOURTESY THAT YOU WOULD NOT DARE TO SHOW A PAID HOUSEKEEPER.



AT LIFE'S FARM.—RACING ACROSS THE FIELD AFTER BREAKFAST.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,166 21
B. S.....	5 00
K. F.....	10 00
Nantucket.....	10 00
George III.....	5 00
Richards and Heald.....	5 00
Proceeds of a fête given by the guests at Mansion View House, Tompkinsville, S. I., on Sat., Aug. 7th	33 00
Our Fresh-Air Fund, F. E. M. R....	10 00
Laura and Dickson.....	6 00
Hyde Park.....	6 00
Fort Sill.....	3 00
Gladys W.....	10 00
Proceeds of a fair on July 30th at Madison, N. J., by six little children of The Ridgedale, viz., Cecile Haviland, Major Lee White, Ethel Hall, Marion Haviland, Ralph Lee White and Marguerite Halsted.....	9 00
M. D. F. H.....	10 00
In loving memory, G. M. B.....	20 00
W. B. D. and G. H. D.....	10 00
Dorothy Straine.....	10 00
I. L. K.....	100 00
S. B. Arno'd.....	5 00
Through <i>The Ladies' Home Journal</i> : Mrs. W. F. Underwood.....	2 50
Miss Belle Washburne.....	3 00
King's Daughter, California.....	25
H. L. Jones.....	1 05
Anonymous.....	1 00
A Friend.....	1 00
F.....	20
Ann Arbor.....	1 00
Cash, Gloucester.....	1 00
Fredk. A. Snow.....	10 00

E. H.....	\$10 00
From Grenell Island Sunday School	8 00
Joe Brown.....	10 00
In memory of little Phil.....	3 00
Marguerite Eyerman, aged 30 months	10 00
Daisy and Charlotte.....	5 00

\$3,500 21

We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of three cases Colonial Health Food, from Colonial Cereal Co., Rochester, N. Y.

THE following are specimens of cards written by the children at LIFE's Farm:

BRANCHVILLE, CONN.

LIFE'S FARM.

We arrived save and well at the country about 6.30 o'clock and Rose was glad when she saw the trees bareing the apples and other fruits and the black berry vines creeping. She thought it was paradise she likes it so very much, she drinks a good deel of milk, and eggs and so do I, don't you forget. We send our best regards to all. LOVINGLY.

DEAR MAMA.

I got safely to the country and I enjoy it very much and we get every day a quart of milk. And I feel very much healthier than in New York City. If you would see Louis you wont know if it is him he is so nice and fat.

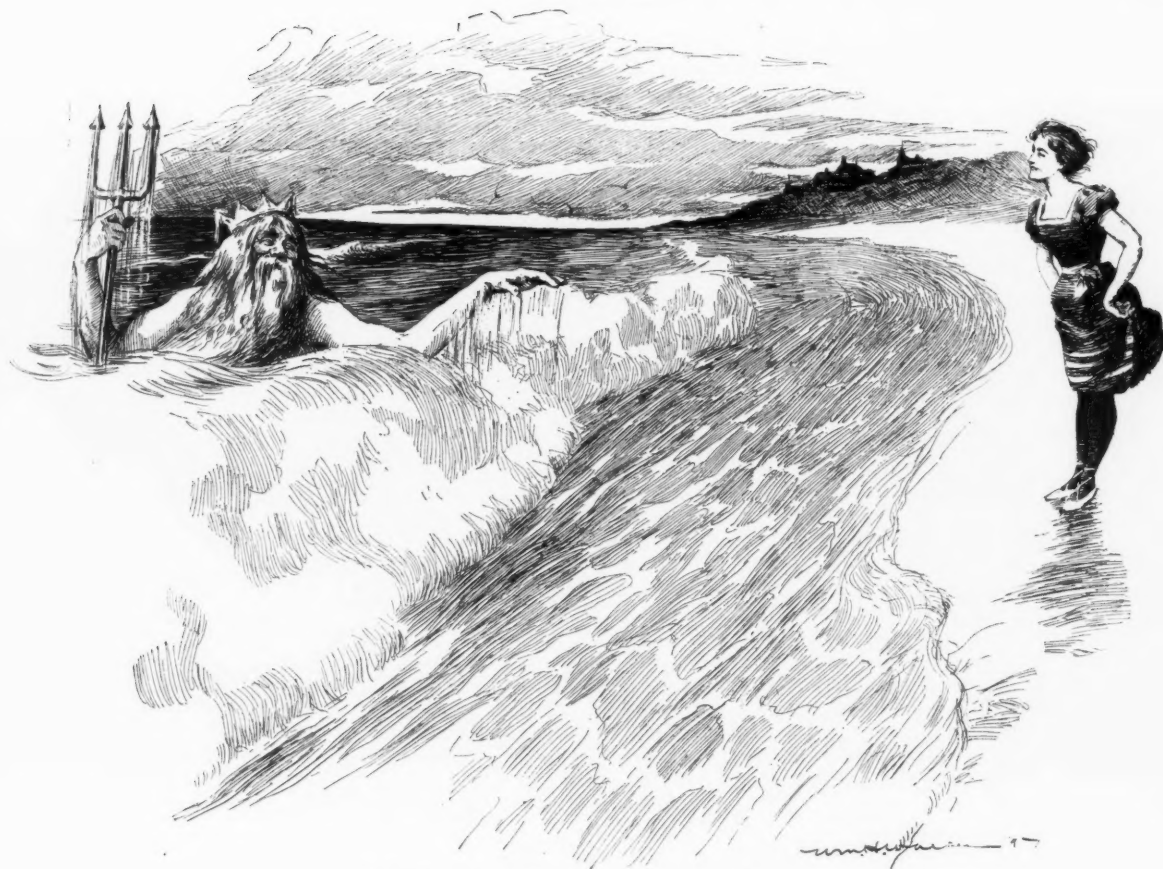
I sent my best regards to all.



Is This a Frivolous Decade?

MR. GOSSE has been called to account by the *Sun* for asserting his belief that serious and thoughtful works of philosophy, science and history have little chance in the present decade, which spends its energies in running after the newest thing in fiction. The *Sun* does not need LIFE or anybody else to help it fight its battles; it has sharp teeth of its own and generally bites—sometimes it bites very good people.

But LIFE, having spent considerable time in this decade watching frivolous people devour fiction, has also some pretty positive views about the prevalence of the appetite for serious works. Mr. Gosse speaks (in his article in the *North American Review*) for England only. Over here he would have found a remarkable consumption of standard books. Perhaps we do not purchase large editions of Buckle, but there is a pretty wide pretense made of doing "solid reading" in all kinds of clubs. Mr. Gosse never heard,



Neptune: "JUST TELL THEM THAT YOU saw ME."

perhaps, of the hundreds of Chautauqua Circles where they systematically imbibe learning in big and off-repeated draughts.

Then we have the University Extension movement, with intricate courses of solid reading to buttress up the lectures. All of these thousands of dead-in-earnest people are eager and thirsting for "thought," and if Mr. Gosse has any unknown Buckles up his sleeve, let him send them over here for appreciation. A few years ago they went wild over Kidd's "Social Evolution" and Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Mr. Gosse may wink his other eye and say that those works are akin to fiction—and LIFE won't deny it—but their audience would take the real thing if it had the chance.

* * *

A MERICAN publishers would also refer Mr. Gosse to a number of remarkable successes in historical publications of the past decade—where big investments have been made and more or less justified. Take works like the "Century War Book," "The Life of Lincoln," Sloane's "Napoleon," John Fiske's Histories, Douglas-Campbell's

"The Puritan in Holland, England and America," Bryce's "American Commonwealth," McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," Scribners' "History of the United States"—and many others; these have never waited long for their audience, and their authors have received a kind of appreciation that would make a writer of cheap novels green with envy.

It may be a frivolous decade, but never before have such big sums been invested in huge enterprises for diffusing serious knowledge—such as the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "Century Dictionary," "Dictionary of National Biography" and "Library of the World's Best Literature." True, these are not works of great original thought by single great authors; but they are books for people who would surely welcome a thinker if he came.

Send along your great and serious works, Mr. Gosse! We'll buy them and read them, though we may not understand them.

In the meantime we'll keep right along reading all of Kipling, Hardy, Meredith and Anthony Hope that comes our way. *Droch.*

Wet Items.

WHAT a constant dropping into the water there is all summer long of folks who cannot swim, and what an almost equally constant jumping in of swimmers to fetch them out! Scarcely a newspaper is issued that has not its drowning accident, or its rescue from a watery tomb. It helps one's opinion of human nature to see how reluctant our fellow creatures are to let one another drown, and how common the form of courage is that holds life cheap enough to risk on the chance of saving life.

Pure Love.

SHE: Mr. D'Auber is wedded to his art.

HE: Well, there's nothing mercenary about the union.

Conviction.

STRAIGHT into mine
Her azure eye looked long, and deep, and clear,
While I stood waiting, loving her, to hear
The cherished answer. Then she said, "Yes, dear,
I will be thine."

Yet as there stirs
With fluttering wings the feeble butterfly
Upon the keen collector's cruel steel, so I
Knew 'twas not so—knew from that tell-tale eye
That I was hers. *Tom Masson.*



Silver Linings.

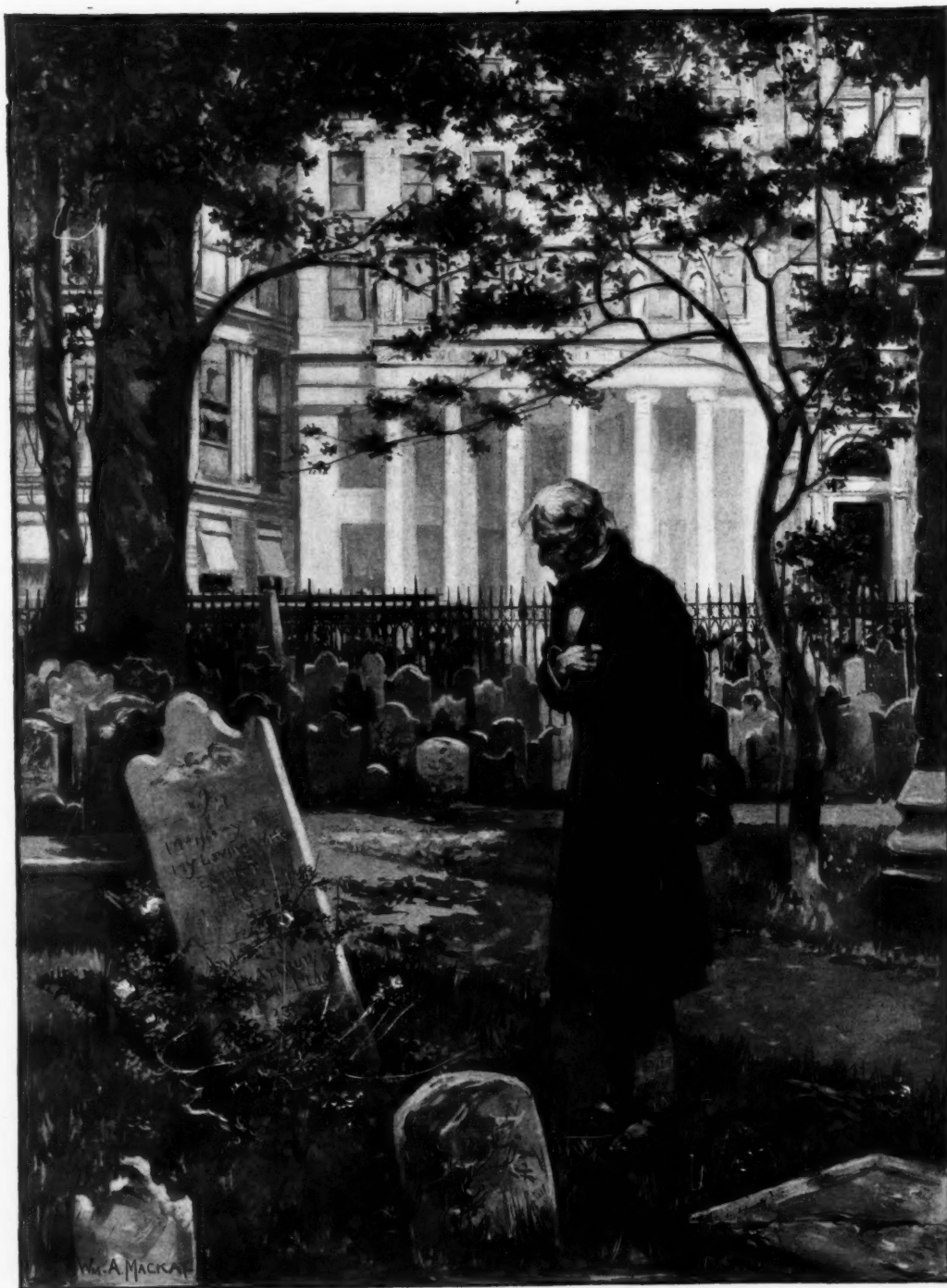
I FORGET what it was that swamped Fessenden—whether it was cordage, or Reading or Northern Pacific, or Western land companies, or mines, or just the universal sagging that followed '93 and has hung on ever since. For a time he had hopes and struggled, but in '95 the masts finally went over the side of his fiscal bark, and, thankful that the hull was still tight, he cut loose from his wreckage and began to devise new means of reaching port. When I sighted him the other day I looked for distress signals, but there were none. He was cheerful, if not absolutely complacent. "Fessenden," said I, "how goes it? I hear you are a victim of prevailing circumstances and are reduced to all but an absurdity. Are you bearing up, dear man? Is there still fun in the world, and do you get any of it?"

Fessenden laughed—actually laughed—and not a forced laugh either, for his eyes twinkled. "Praise the Lord," he said, "I do bear up, and I do have fun. There are so many things that I don't have to do, and I have so much more spare time and energy for my legitimate labors that I begin to fear that I may die a rich man yet. You don't know, Jonas, what relief it brings to a person not naturally laborious to be absolved from fealty to sport and from the obligation to keep oneself exercised and amused. I used to belong to at least a dozen clubs—polo clubs, golf clubs, yachting clubs, racquet and court tennis clubs, athletic clubs,

lunch clubs, and clubs for social relaxation. I resigned from four-fifths of them, thereby accomplishing a pleasing retrenchment in the mere matter of annual dues. I have always hated to waste anything, and I used to try to get some little service every year out of each club I joined. I hunted a little, I golfed a good deal, I had some polo ponies and worked them occasionally. I never had a yacht, but still I yachted somewhat in the season. I did a little of everything in its season, and I made it a point to take as much social relaxation as my system could stand between other employments. Of course the strain was considerable, and what I tried to do in the way of business was sometimes skimped. I made some investments that I would not have made if my engagements had permitted me to go to the bottom of them. I was a very hardworked man, so much so that I found it difficult to maintain much more than a bowing acquaintance with my family. A friendship of long standing with my wife I was able to keep up, but anything like an intimacy with my children was impossible. The relief which emancipation has brought has astonished me. I have no horses now, no polo ponies, no grooms or equestrian helpers. Sometimes I ride a bicycle a little way, but I feel no obligation to keep it exercised. Sometimes I play a round of golf, but merely for amusement. I don't turn my hand over to keep 'in condition,' my riding weight isn't a matter of concern to me, I walk enough to keep my nerves quiet and my digestion in order, and I find steady entertainment, which borders sometimes on actual excitement, in the old-fashioned game of trying to make a living. Really, it's a better game than it's cracked up to be. To chase a dollar is more humane than to chase a fox, and for all that the fox is harder to catch; the dollar can make sharp turns sometimes and afford a really zealous pursuer some very fair sport. I honestly think that in time I may come to be fairly good at it, and I shall have time to perfect myself, too. The new life is so easy compared with the old. One's habits are so much more regular; the blandishments of domestic life and the society of children are so wholesome; it saves one's strength so to sit for a while in an office. Why, Jonas, I was wearing my poor old apparatus out, and now, at the easy rate I am going, I ought to live to be eighty."

E. S. M.





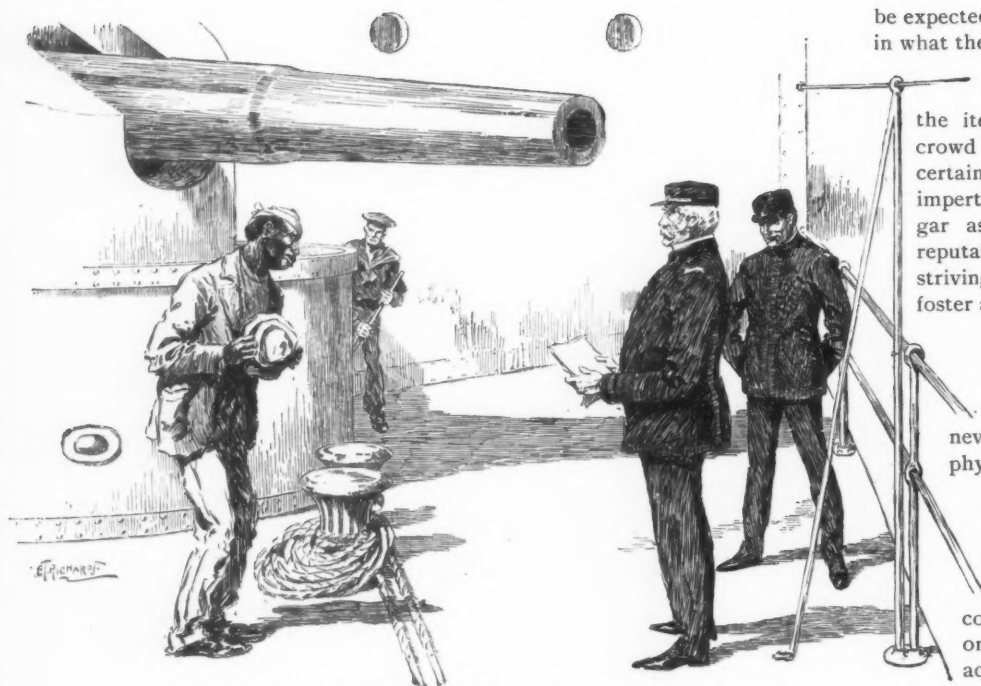
THERE IS SOMETHING BESIDES MONEY AROUND WALL STREET.



THE OVERWORKED MAN
HIS DAY OFF



OVERWORKED AMERICAN FATHER.
HIS DAY OFF IN AUGUST.



"I HEAR, CAP'N, DAT YOU NEEDS A WAITER ON BOARD DIS MAN-O'-WAR."

"YES, SILAS, BUT DID YOU NOT ASK FOR YOUR DISCHARGE ABOUT A YEAR AGO?"

"SO I DID, CAP'N, BUT DE SHIP WAS GOING TO DE WEST INDIES, AN' I WAS ENGAGED TO MY GAL."

"WELL, THE SHIP IS GOING TO CHINA NOW, SILAS."

"SO I HEERD, CAP'N, BUT I'SE MARRIED NOW."

Why Not?



CERTAIN papers and persons of a socialistic turn of mind are wont to sneer at the interest displayed by a large section of the public in the doings, sayings and belongings of divers prominent members of New York's Four Hundred. They maintain that to rational beings there is no intrinsic interest in the number, quality and trimming of the articles composing Miss Vandergould's *trousseau*, that an intelligent public is not pining for details of how the Astor-bilts furnish their back stairs or fit up their bathrooms, and that, if one of these estimable families invites several others to a dinner, dance, or other entertainment, while people in general may amiably wish them a pleasant time, they can hardly

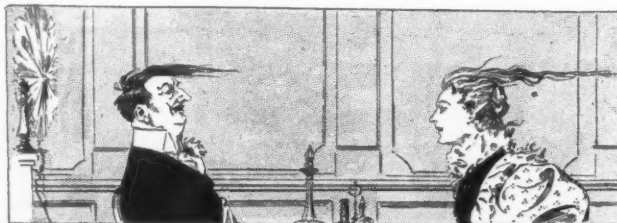
be expected to take a lively interest in what they all eat, drink and wear.

In fact, they do not scruple to intimate that the items of this kind which crowd the society columns of certain papers are a mass of impertinent trivialities, as vulgar as senseless, and that a reputable journalism, instead of striving to create and then to foster a taste for such inanities, would do all in its power to discourage it.

It is evident that these supercilious critics have never considered the philosophy of the subject. "The proper study of mankind is man," and the Astor-bilts, etc., being man plus money, are doubly worth attention. Of course the poet meant to recommend the study of character, not clothes, but since there is no reason to suppose that the leaders of fashion differ from other mortals in mind or morals, it is well for variety's sake to fix attention upon those material

details in which they have a chance of excelling. Consider also the generosity of the impulse which leads a whole populace to disregard the numerous points of mortal infirmity which still characterize these favorites of fortune, and dwell only upon the one point in which they rise in incontestible eminence above their un-moneyed fellows.

The matter has another and even nobler aspect. A certain multi-millionaire has recently declared that it is a Christian duty to get as much money as possible. These much-bechronicled society people have all conspicuously fulfilled this duty; hence an interest in the style of hair-dressing they affect or the table decorations



"GEORGE, DEAR, WOULD YOU MIND CHANGING SEATS?"

they prefer is lifted from an ignoble curiosity to the rank of a lofty homage to virtue. They have done their duty in life; *ergo*, their smallest doings and sayings are of weight, and the lustre of their virtue gilds whatsoever touches their lives, even down to the maid-servant and the man-servant within their gates, and the fashion of the livery worn by the latter.

In the face of such homage to virtue, who shall say that we are a material and non-idealistic nation? None but such ill-advised persons as those referred to before, who obstinately insist that our admiration for impecunious virtue is by no means so striking, that trivialities do not become important in proportion to the wealth of the person concerned, and that, in short, a gilded calf is no less bovine on account of its golden ornamentation.

Custom-Made Anecdotes.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND THE DOG.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the great English mathematician, was fully as well known for his wonderful patience and self-control as for his other gifts of mind.

The following anecdote is told of him to illustrate the point:

One day a great mass of finished manuscript lay on his library table. It represented the labor of five years, and contained the treatise on gravitation, the binomial theorem, and other interesting matters which Sir Isaac intended to submit to *Punch* that day.

While he was out of the room for a moment a pug dog belonging to Lady Blank—who was then visiting at the house—stole in, and jumping upon the table, upset a pail of ink all over the precious manuscript.

Three minutes after Sir Isaac had returned a neat maid-servant appeared at the door in response to the bell from her master's room.

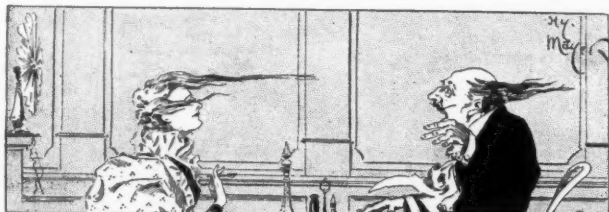
"Mary," said Sir Isaac, who always had details at his fingers' ends despite the weighty affairs that occupied him, "tell John to come up here immediately with a dustpan, broom and sponge, and remove that," pointing to the floor.

"Lawk sakes alive! What is it, sir?" cried Mary.

"It was a dog," answered the great philosopher, without the slightest sign of emotion.

The maid turned to leave.

"One moment, Mary!" called Sir Isaac. "If any one



THANK YOU!"

should speak of this, tell them that all I said was, 'Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!'"

"Yes, sir."

"And add that the dog died of a broken heart."

Then came the sound of a scratching pen as the mathematician calmly entered upon another five-year contract.

H. W. Phillips.

Autobiographical.

THE self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us"—and then his voice was drowned by the applause.

A Dangerous Competitor.

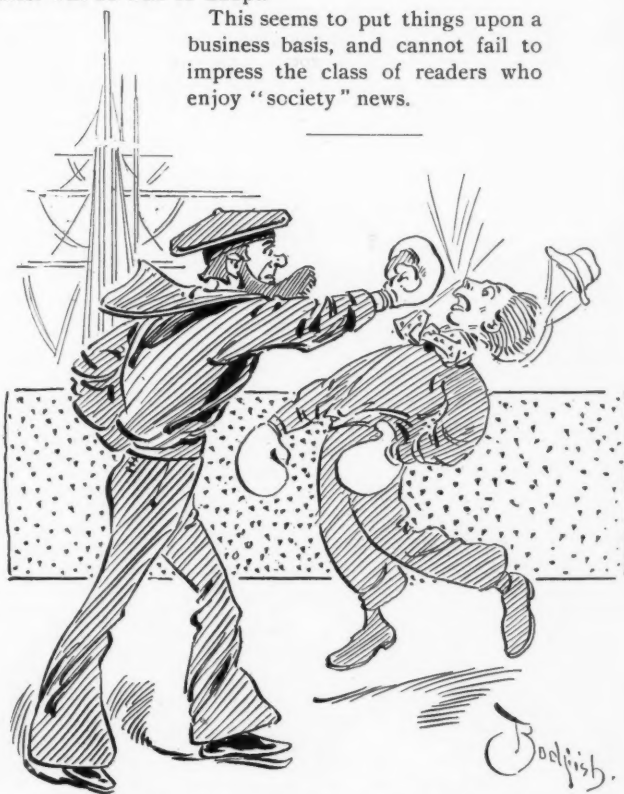
CERTAIN well-advertised ladies who move in fashionable society should look to their laurels.

The following item relates to the Long Branch Horse Show:

Mrs. Marks Arnheim had box No. 27. She was gowned in a brocaded foulard silk, with large flower figures, and wore her celebrated large pearl earrings, for which Mr. Arnheim refused an offer of \$30,000.

There is a new feature in this, and one which some of our friends at the Metropolitan Opera House next winter will do well to adopt.

This seems to put things upon a business basis, and cannot fail to impress the class of readers who enjoy "society" news.



THE SAILOR BOY'S HAPPY RETURN.



Evolution.

IN times of Bluff King Hal the lads
Were wont to sue the lasses, O!
And for the fickle fair their blades
Did many thrusts and passes, O!

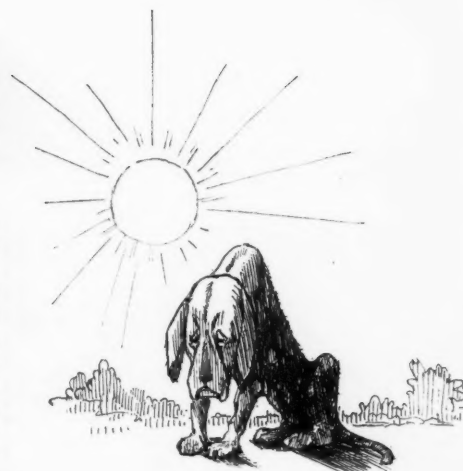


SOME PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR MR. BRYAN:

It has been stated that you will soon be earnestly urged to retire from your advocacy of Free Silver, and settle down for the next four years into the humdrum life of the ordinary citizen. Let me beg of you, if the urgency of this course has already been or should be pressed upon you, not to consider it for a moment. While it may be true, according to some able and conscientious critics, that your views on finance are mistaken, I regard this defect as merely an incidental error in an otherwise admirable character. The golden balls of the national currency have been left on the stage now for many generations, to

be juggled with by each set of political acrobats according to their various whims and fantastic art. With Oriental skill they have been deftly tintinnabulated on the upturned soles of soulless corporations, or balanced on the swelling biceps of the wild men from the West. Their weight increases or decreases with each change of cast, and who is to say, if some new actor hops on the stage and changes them to silver, that the eye of the audience in this continuous performance shall be dimmed, or that the price of admission shall be altered? My dear sir, all this is of small import compared with the moral effect which the example of your tenacity has had upon your fellow citizens. This government is for the people, and not the



"DOG DAZE."

people for the government. Believe me when I say, therefore, that for you to falter now would be disastrous.

When, during the last quadrennial campaign circus, that grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and stubborn animal, the Democratic donkey, was led forth into the arena, and a challenge sent out to any man brave enough to ride him—when you sprang nimbly from your obscure corner and straddled the recalcitrant beast and held on, it was a spectacle of courage which is still lively in our imaginations. You will see, therefore, the responsibility that you inherited at that moment. While the grand old Republican elephant is at present sitting on his haunches, enjoying the hard-earned fruits of the labors of others, keep your seat, Mr. Bryan. We are not interested unduly in the donkey, nor in you, but your chances of success were never so good as they are at present.

More or less truly yours, LIFE.

A Reason.

"WHY were you discharged from your last place?" asked the merchant of the applicant for a situation.

"I was discharged for good behavior, sir."

"Wasn't that a singular reason for discharge?"

"Well, you see, good behavior took nine months off my sentence."



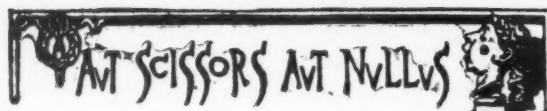
—Otho Cushing—

But nowadays the merry says
Need no such hard pursuing, O!
They "catch" the man, and sometimes can
Do very pretty wooing, O!

Otho Cushing.

MRS. HENPECK: The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

MR. HENPECK: The proof of those you make is in the post-mortem.



Kissing.

Tell me not in scientific
Pages such a tale as this:
That diseases most terrific
Gain diffusion by a kiss.

Kissing's real, kissing's earnest,
Though the vile bacillus lurk
In the kiss that thou returnest,
Trust me, Damon will not shirk.

Vain the doctor's adjuration,
Phyllis lightly to me trips;
If there's death in osculation
Let me take it from her lips.

When a merry maiden fair is,
Medical advice decline;
Let her sweet orbicularis
Oris lightly rest on thine.

Yet since kissing surely pleases,
We by Æsculapian art
Can prognosticate diseases,
Soft affections of the heart.

Kissing is by nature taught us,
Kiss the girls then when they come;
Though a kiss be, vide Plautus,
Acherontis pabulum.

—St. James Gazette.

"You fellows have got your business down to quite an exact science," the eighth floor passenger remarked, observing that the elevator had been stopped with its door on an exact level with the floor of the hallway.

"Yes," the elevator-man assented, "a person gets

so used to that sort of thing that he doesn't notice it much. A rather neat piece of work was done in that next shaft the other day," he continued. "Probably nobody except me would have paid any attention to it, but it struck me as a very good illustration of the skill that can be developed in this profession."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It was this way. The twenty-second floor-door of this here shaft where the thing occurred had been left open, and a stenographer girl gets absent-minded and steps in. The car was then at the twelfth, coming up, and the elevator man sees the stenographer just as she starts. 'Here, this'll never do,' says he, and with that he reverses and starts his car down.

"The girl passes me at the seventeenth and I throws everything open to keep alongside of her, and watch what happens. At the rate she was going I judged she'd hit the roof of the car under her with an awful bump, but she didn't. The elevator-man kept his eye on her, and gauged the speed of his car so's to fall just a le-e-etle bit slower than she did. She'd almost caught him at the seventh, and they was going like fun. If it hadn't been a pretty high building, his calculations would have been upset, of course. As it was, though, he had time to jolly her for a floor or two. Kept just out of her reach, you know, so's to keep her guessing. When he sees he's getting pretty close to bottom, he pulls the lever over just the le-e-east bit, and she lights on the roof of that car just as easy, sir, as if she was setting down on an easy chair. He stops with his roof flush with the second floor, and the stenographer opens the door and steps out. She'd never speak to that man again, she vowed, because he'd joshed her that little bit on the way down. Funny how touchy these women are, ain't it?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

A PARTY of Stanford professors undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the depths of an old Tuolumne mine. One of the number relates the following startling incident. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner for a fellow passenger, he perceived, as he thought, unmistakable symptoms of weak places in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half-way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow if we get up safe to-day, sir."—Wave.

It is not necessary to repeat his remarks. When his wife heard them imperfectly, being in the next room, she said: "Oh, do say that over again, dear." "Look here, woman," he replied, in a concentrated voice, "when a man gets his finger caught between a sprocket and a chain, it is no time for his wife to get funny." "Oh!" said she; "was that it? I thought you were repeating one of those Christian Endeavor 'yells.'"

—Indianapolis Journal.

"Do you belong to the bridal party?" asked the hotel clerk.

"No; I'm only the groom."—Detroit Free Press.

A BOSTON paper tells a story of a Smith College girl who was awakened in her summer home by the cry, "Fire, Fire!" Cool and collected, she donned her clothes, and then thought: "Now, what do I value the most?" After mature reflection she took a list of books from her writing desk and left the house. "I am so glad I saved it," she said afterward to a sympathizing friend, "for if I had lost it I could not tell what books I read last year."

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Broom's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

The bride's new home may not supply
All luxuries the old provided,
But sometimes it is wise to buy
The very best, and, rightly guided,
The little wife prefers, like mother,
Pure Ivory Soap to any other.

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We sell self-respect from
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—we knew you thought it
cost more—that's why we
tell you.

A LITTLE girl has an uncle who taught her to open and shut his crush hat. One evening, however, he appeared with an ordinary silk hat, which he left in the hall. Presently he saw the child coming with his new hat crushed into accordion pleats. "Oh, uncle," she cried, "this one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."

—Household Words.

New England has its Mount Washington, but Western North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee, poetically known as "The Land of the Sky," has forty-three mountain peaks which are higher, and over eighty nearly as high. It is an ideal region for a late summer vacation.

Through trains and superb service. Send to W. A. Turk, G.P.A., Southern Railway, Washington, D. C., for information.

"We were shocked," says a Georgia editor who has just been visiting Rome, "to see a city in such a state of decay. They doubtless had a big fire three years ago, and many of the finest buildings are still in ruins. Here at home we would have replaced those buildings in short order. Give us America for push and enterprise!"

—N. Y. Tribune.

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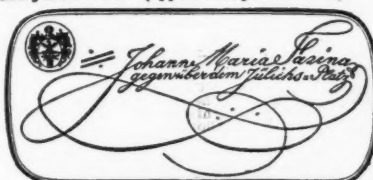
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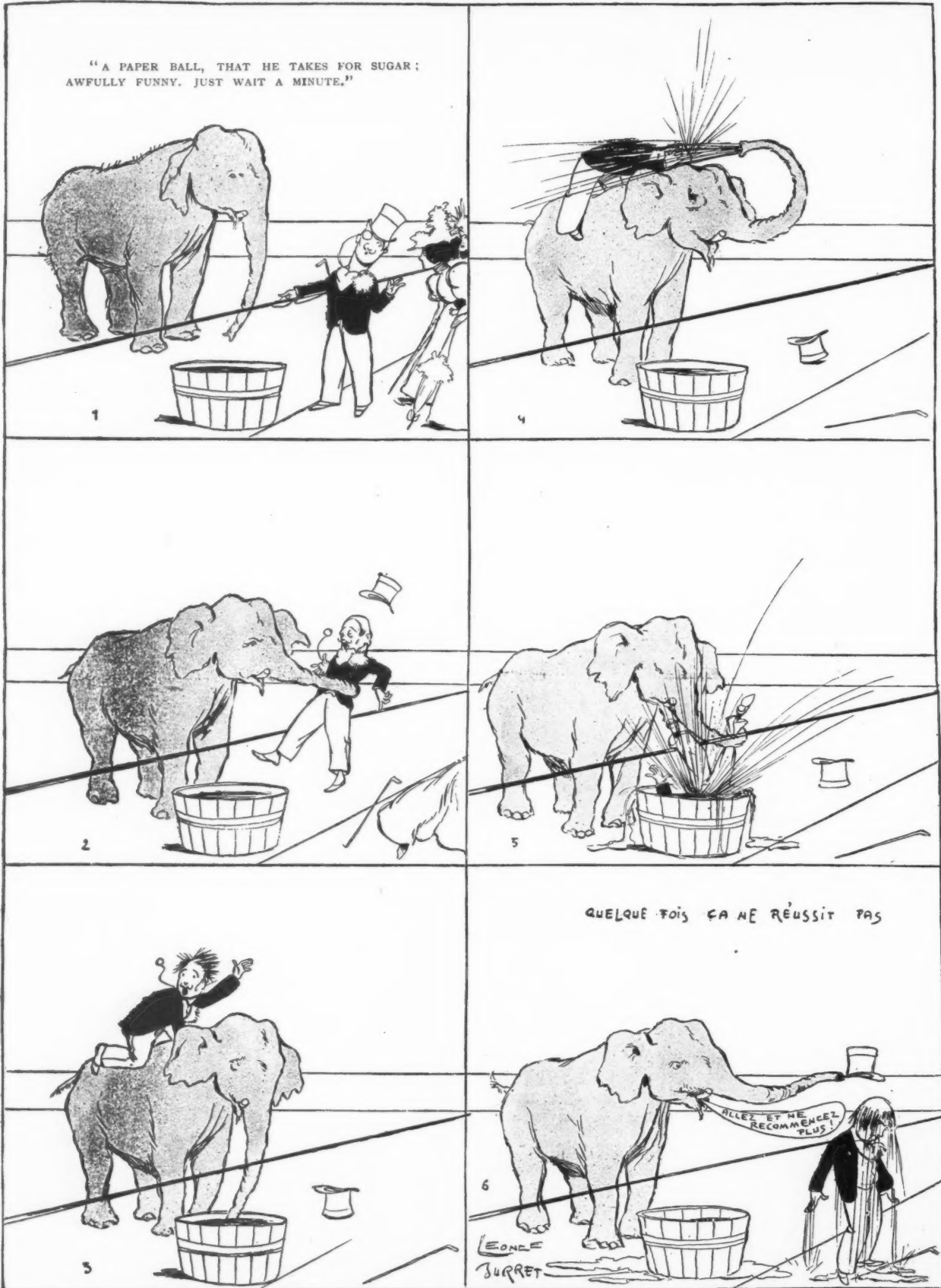
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AWFULLY FUNNY. JUST WAIT A MINUTE."





IN FOR IT.

"DINNIS, YEZ YOUNG VILLAIN YFZ, WAIT TILL I GET A HOLT OF YEZ, I'LL BREAK EV'RY BONE IN YEZ BODY; AN' IF YEZ DON'T COME HOME IMMADIATELY I'LL KILL YEZ!"

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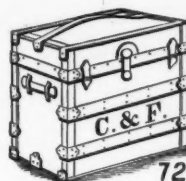
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"THERE is one bad thing about the adjournment of Congress," remarked Mr. Hilltop to Mr. Northside. "What is that?" "We no longer have that pleasure to look forward to."

—Pittsburg Commercial-Telegraph.

"WHY does that piano sound first high and then low when Miss Wilson plays it?"

"Well, you see, she is learning to ride a wheel, and uses both pedals from force of habit."

—Boston Herald.

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Round-trip tickets, good going only on August 28th on trains indicated below, or any train arriving in Philadelphia before 12.20 P. M., and thence on special train; and good returning on regular trains within ten days, including also one full day's board at the magnificent Mountain House, will be sold at the following rates:—

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New Brunswick.....	9 00	10.11 "
Phillipsburg, N. J.....	9 50	8.00 "
Trenton.....	8 50	10.58 "
Wilmington.....	8 50	11.25 "
Philadelphia.....	8 00	12.20 P. M.
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"He's a fine young man," remarked Colonel Stillwell, "a very fine young man." "But isn't he disposed to be rather shy?" inquired the girl to whom he was talking. "As to that I re'ly couldn't say. I nevah had the pleasure of playing poker with him."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THEY tried so hard in California to be courteous to Mr. Bryan that one of the papers suggested that all signs of prosperity should be temporarily effaced.

—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.*

An ancient sage, who lived when it was common to erect statues to obscure persons, being condoled with that no such honor had been conferred upon him, replied with wit, but also with satire: "I prefer to hear it asked why I have no statue, rather than why I had one."—*Wave.*

"PAPA, how do people in the weather bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?" "I didn't know that they did, my son."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A POOR man lay dying, and his good wife was tending him with homely but affectionate care. "Don't you think you could eat a bit of something, John? Now what can I get for you?"

With a wan smile, he answered, feebly: "Well, I seem to smell a ham a cooking somewheres; I think I could do with a little bit of that."

"Oh, no, John, dear," she answered promptly, "you can't have that. That's for the funeral."—*Weekly Telegraph.*

As often as the oldest Yale graduate or the oldest Mason dies, the most beautiful woman in the South gets married.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

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